

# The Camden Journal.

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## MISCELLANY.

From the Baltimore Gazette.  
**BISHOP SIMPSON.**  
Of the Methodist Episcopal Church North, complains bitterly of the social ostracism which prevails in Texas, "even in the great commercial centres" of the State, and where, as he admits, "there is perfect security for life and property." The Bishop says that even the peaceful and law-abiding Texans do not like Radicals, will not consort with them, and always avoid inviting them to their houses. In this respect he finds also that the women are, if possible, bitterer than the men, and thinks it strange that it should be so.

It must evidently be a deplorable condition of things where the great bulk of the State, although obedient to the laws, are so perverse in their notions of what is good for them as to insist on choosing their company. That any man, south of the Potomac, should have the shocking impertinence to turn his back upon Bishop Simpson and all others as deeply dyed in Radicalism as he is, certainly calls for Congressional interference.—What right has a Texan to select his own companions? He may like them, and they, in return be attracted towards him; but under the Radical doctrine of reconstruction, are not to be permitted the privilege of likes or dislikes; but must according to B. F. Butler, hang out the lath-strings of their doors, and welcome, with the warmest expressions of endearment and the most lavish hospitality, not only those for whom they entertain feelings of cordiality but especially those whose mission it is to oppress and plunder and malign them.—There is to be no peace at the South until the carpet-bagger and scoundrel is received into good society, saluted with lifted hat in the streets, and invited by convivial parties—who are to pay for the liquor—to join them in a braudy smash, a gin cocktail, or a mint julep. However much a Northerner is hated, he must be received into good fellowship. However much he may be despised, he must be the recipient of all sorts of courtesies. If his habits are bad, his language offensive, his person uncleanly, these little blemishes must be overlooked. He is raised above censure, and whether emissary or missionary is "clothed with purity by virtue of his loyalty and his Radicalism."

It is certainly a very sad thing that "no one of the ladies who had security in Texas will call upon the families of Radicals, that they shun association with them in every possible way." It is equally sorrowful to contemplate the fact that Bishop Simpson was not himself popular with the Texan people.—They do not like the preachers of the Methodist Church North; they like least of all, Bishop Simpson. They know how persistently he has sought to break down the Methodist Church South; how he has persecuted their ministers, wrested from them their churches, and denounced them for opinions honestly entertained and steadfastly upheld.

Of course, as Bishop Simpson takes the conduct of the Texans so deeply to heart, he ought to entertain the belief that there is no such thing as what he calls "a species of social ostracism" at the North; that in that happy land there is no discrimination as to race or color; no class distinctions; no antagonism; but that everybody is hail fellow with everybody else; houses are flung open freely to all who wish to enter them, whilst velvet and point lace are hugging and kissing calico and gimp in the drawing room, broad cloth and homespun are hobnobbing in the butler's pantry.

If, however, none of this practical equality, nor any of these gracious amenities have been observed among "the ladies," or even the gentlemen, "who lead society" at the North; if, in point of fact, they are far more exclusive, far more exacting, far more rigid in maintaining class distinctions, and at all times far less disposed to be hospitable to strangers than are people of the same rank and standing at the South, by what authority does Bishop Simpson charge as rebellious in the one section, what he evidently regards as manifestly right

and proper in the other? He is good enough, however, to say, that "these prejudices at the South will undoubtedly gradually pass away, and that emigrants from the North will be received in society as others are, according to their character and acts." In expressing this opinion, he decides the whole question against himself, for he admits, in a previous part of his letter, that social ostracism does not extend all the North-ern men; but is restricted wholly to the Radicals. So, even by his own showing, it is quite clear that emigrants from the North are really received into the Texan society "according to their character and acts."

### REMARKABLE MASONIC INCIDENT.

—The first Masonic funeral that ever occurred in California took place in the year 1849, and was performed over the body of a brother found drowned in the bay of San Francisco. An account of the ceremonies state that on the body of the deceased was found a silver mark of a Mason, upon which were engraved the initials of his name. A little further investigation revealed to the beholder the most singular exhibition of Masonic emblems that were ever drawn by the ingenuity of man upon the human skin. There is nothing in the history or traditions of Freemasonry equal to it. Beautifully dotted on the left arm, in red or blue ink, which time could not efface, appeared all the emblems of the entire apprenticeship.—There were the Holy Bible, the square and the compass, the 24 inch gauge, and the common gavel. There were also the Masonic pavement, representing the ground floor of King Solomon's Temple, the indented tessel which surrounds it, and the blazing star in the centre. On his right arm, and artistically executed in the same indelible liquid, were the emblems pertaining to the fellow craft degree, viz: the square, the level and the plumb. There were also five columns representing the five orders of architecture—the tuscany, doric, ionic, corinthian, composite.

In removing the garments from his body, the trowel presented itself, with all the other tools of operative masonry. Over his heart was the pot of incense. On the other parts of his body were the bee-hive, the book of constitutions, guarded by the tiler's sword; the sword pointing to a naked heart; the All-seeing eye; the anchor and ark, the hour glass, the scythe, the forty-seventh problem of Euclid; the sun, moon, stars and comets; the three steps, emblematic of youth, manhood and age. Admirably executed was the weeping virgin, reclining on a broken column, upon which lay the book of constitutions.—In her left hand, she held the pot of incense, the Masonic emblem of a pure heart, and in her uplifted hand, a sprig of Aescia, the emblem of the immortality of the soul.

Immediately beneath her stood winged Time, with his scythe by his side, which cuts the brittle thread of life, and the hour glass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that our lives are withering away. The withered and attenuated fingers of the Destroyer were placed amid the long and gracefully flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner. Thus were the striking emblems of mortality and immortality beautifully blended in one pictorial representation. It was a spectacle such as Masons never saw before; and in all probability, such as the fraternity will never witness again. The brother's name was never known.

The *Imperialist*, new a journal which yesterday made its appearance in New York, insists that Democracy is a failure, and advocates the establishment of a monarchical Government. We are glad to know that before this great change takes place Congress proposes to immortalize the republic by getting up a gigantic lottery scheme. A bill has been introduced in the Senate, and has passed to a third reading, which gives to certain individuals "the right privilege and franchise of devising such ways and means as they may desire for the distribution of money or property for the term of twenty years from the

date of the passage of this act." Of course the object of this lottery is strictly moral, loyal and patriotic, as is every other measure of the present Congress.

The parties to whom this valuable franchise it given are greatly concerned that the monuments in course of erection at the National Capital to the memory of Washington and Lincoln have never been completed. They are grieved at this latest example of the proverbial ingratitude of Republics.—They propose, therefore, to pay one hundred thousand dollars per annum for twenty years, the first two hundred thousand dollars to be credited to the Lincoln Monument Association, and the balance to the Washington Monument Association. As Mr. Lincoln is held in fresher and more fervid remembrance by loyal people, and his name will be more likely to awaken popular enthusiasm than that of Washington, his monument is, properly enough, to be credited with the first instalments. All that the devisers of this loyal scheme ask is the privilege of carrying on the lottery business in this country for 20 years to come, and it seems as though they are about to obtain it. The monuments to Washington and Lincoln may never be built, but for long years after the coming Emperor has been enthroned we shall have in the periodical drawings of the grand national lottery refreshing, and perhaps remunerative, reminders, of the latter days of the model Republic.—*Charleston News.*

**A WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.**—It is a wondrous advantage to a man, in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, and a pl in soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor, and reputation. She will seldom counsel you to do shabby things, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friends. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to an imprudent thing. A man's best friend is a wife of good sense and heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. But, supposing the man to be without such helpmate, female friendship, he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap, even in its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, are such friendship where disparity of years, or circumstances, puts the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendship with those much older and those much younger than ourselves. Female friendship is to a man, the bulwark, sweetener, ornament, of his existence.

**HAPPY.**—It is not the wealthy in this world, who can boast of the largest amount of happiness. The cares and deceitfulness of riches, are only a part of the curse that follows a large possession. The man whose hopes and ambition are bounded by a few paternal acres, whose toil is lightened by the delights of home and the presence of his loved ones; whose hands are hardened by labor; who earns what he eats and wears, and blesses God for his bounty; is of all others the most happy, contented and reconciled to his lot. Great riches seldom, if ever, confer that peace, quiet and comfort upon their possessors which the inexperienced attribute, and which might be inferred from the capacity they give to gratify every taste and purchase every luxury and enjoyment. The medium state between poverty and wealth is much to be preferred, and, as fit as the testimony of the world can be received, brings with it the largest amount of happiness that can be reached in this life.

Josh Billings says: "One of the funniest scenes I ever listened to was two old maids waiting on one sick bachelor." Dress a monkey in silk if you will. The monkey will be a monkey still.

**A SWINDLE.**—Some sharp rogues who divide his nationality between Virginia and North Carolina, cannot be less than a full blooded New Englander of wooden nutmeg descent, made a desperate attempt to swindle the liquor dealers here last week. He offered a barrel for sale from the bung of which brandy of good quality was drawn, while from a gullet hole at either end the clearest and most innocent well-water was obtained.

On offering his liquor for sale, he drew from the bung a small sample, which pleased the purchaser a \$3.25 per gallon; but when he attempted to gage it to ascertain the outage, the rod would only go straight down, and not entirely down at that. This was strange and excited suspicion and upon examination it was discovered that a tube was fixed in barrel just under the bung which would not hold a quart. This was filled with the real simon pure article, while the barrel itself contained the very common and unpopular beverage which may be had for nothing at any branch. The fellow decamped before his trick was fully exposed.

He had purchased a bottle of good brandy and poured a part of it at the bung on the pretence of giving his newly distilled article a better flavor. When suspicion was somewhat aroused, he put on a bold face and offered to sell at \$2 and draw it off by the gallon, but he took care not to be present at the drawing.

This is one of the many advantages of reconstruction. The Yankee element is showing itself in its most characteristic phase. Genius is contagious and the country has a fair prospect of gaining renown from this source.

The barrel can be seen at the store of Wells & Brother.

*Charleston Democrat.*

**A BEAUTIFUL COMPLIMENT TO WOMEN.**—Dr. Samuel Henry Dickson, of South Carolina, one of the Professors in Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, in addressing the recent graduates of that institution, paid the following compliment to woman, which we know every woman will appreciate:

It has often been remarked that the physician, above all other men, should be a gentleman and a man of honor. I am myself of those who hold in profound reverence the grand old name of gentleman, whether it represents the chivalrous knight of the ancient legends, the Bayard without fear and without reproach—of the madman of Cervantes, the peerless Don Quixote; the hero of Thackeray's charming fiction, the dear old Colonel Newcome, the bright poetical picture of noble King Arthur, as drawn by Tennyson, or the glorious statuesque model of history, Sir Philip Sidney; I regard honor as the bright, fragrant flower of morality and virtue. Our profession is one of the highest and most sacred trust, which to violate must entail all the penalties of the basest treachery. Our relations with our patients, and especially with women, are inexpressibly confidential and delicate, and afford us no opportunities, which should never be disregarded, of sustaining the feeble and protecting those who need sympathy and help whose faces we should not permit the winds of heaven to visit too roughly.

Depend upon it that in the proportion as you fulfill such duties in the domestic circle where you are received as guardian and guide, will be your future success. I am proud to say that a large part of the purest happiness I have enjoyed in my checkered life has resulted from my professional relation with women, and the close and valuable friendships originating therein. It is to them that we must look for tenderness, gratitude and fidelity.

Woman's soft hand my early cradle spread, Her gentle care bedecked my bridal bed; By woman let my dying hours be nursed, Her love the last fond solace, as the first.

Unjust riches curse the owner in getting, in keeping, and in transmitting. They curse his children in their father's memory.

The late Hon. Edward Bates was the father of seventeen children by the wife who survives him.

**THE CABINET—ITS RELIGIOUS FAITH.**—One of the Washington Jankeuses gives the religious faith of Grant's Cabinet as follows: "Attorney-General Hoar is a Unitarian, Secretary of the Interior Cox is a Swedenborgian, Secretary of the Navy Forie is a Catholic, ex-Secretary of State Washburne is a Universalist, Secretary of State Fish is a Dutch Reformer, ex-Secretary Stewart is a Presbyterian, and Post-master General Creswell, each ws churches all together. The religious faith of Boutwell and Rawlins is not yet known to fame. Grant's family are Methodists, and that is the church which he usually attends."

**POWER OF BEAUTY.**—We do not recall a more beautiful or poetical anecdote, illustrating the effect of womanly grace and purity on the roughest natures, than the following related by Lord Shaftesbury, at a ragged school in Sheffield. The lady in Connus walking unharmd amid the rabble rout of satyrs is not more effective. His lordship said that young ladies would be surprised to see with what respect they would be treated by the forlorn classes if they would go amongst them with a view to education. "In one of the worst parts of London," he said, "there was an institution which he visited." In one room he found about thirty-five men listening to the teachings of a daughter of a small shopkeeper in the neighborhood. She was one of the prettiest women he ever saw in his life. He noticed that there was present but the young woman with those rough men, and he said to the superintendent, "Are you not afraid to leave my dear little friend alone with all these men?" He replied, "I am." Then why don't you go to her? "You mistake my fear. I am not afraid of their doing her any harm. They love her so much that they would lick the ground on which she walks; and I am afraid some person may step in, and not being under authority, or knowing the manners of the place, may say something impertinent to her, and if he did he would not leave the place alive."

It is, indeed, one of the most cheering facts, to such as work for the elevation of the human race, that womanly beauty, when united to maiden modesty, commands the homage of the most degraded.

**LUCK AND LABOR.**—Many persons complain of their bad luck when they ought to blame their own want of wisdom and action. Mr. Cobden, a distinguished writer in England, thus wrote about luck and labor:

Luck is everything waiting for something to turn up.  
Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.  
Luck lies in bed and wishes the post-man would bring him news of a legacy.  
Labor turns out at 6 o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of competence.  
Luck whines.  
Labor whistles.  
Luck relies on chapeaus.  
Labor on character.  
Luck slips down to indigence.  
Labor strides upward to independence.

**JOSH BILLINGS ON THE MULE.**—The mule is half horse and half jack ass, and then kums tew a full stop, natur diskovering her mistake. Tha weigh more akordin' to their heft, than any other kreature except a crow-bar. Tha kant hear enny quicker nor further than the hoss, yet their ears are big enuff for snow shoes. You ken trust them with enny one whose life aint worth anny more than the mule's. The only wa tu keep them into a pastur is to turn them into a medder jineing, and let them jump out. Tha are ready for use just as soon as tha will do to abuse. Tha baint got got enny friends, and will live on huckle-berry brush, and occasional chance at Kanada thistles.—Tha are a modera invenshun. I don't think the Bible eluded tew them at all.

Tha sel for more money than enny other domestic animale. You kant tell

their age by looking in their mouths, enny more than you kould a Mexican kanbon. Tha never have no disease that a good club won't heal. If the ever die they must come rite tu life agin, for I never heard nobody sa "ded mule." Tha are like sum men, "very corrupt at harte." I've known them tu be good mules for 6 months, jist tu git a chance to kick somebody. I never owned on, nor never mean to, unless their is a United States law passed requiring it. The only reason why tha are pashant is because tha are ashamed ov themselves I have seen eddikated mules in a sirkus. Tha would kick and bite tremenjia.

Enny man who is willing to drive a mule ought to be exempt by law from running for the legislature. Tha are the strongest creturs on earth, and heaviest akordin tu their size. I herd tell of one who fell oph the to-path on the Eri kanawal, and sunk as soon as he touched water; but he kept rite on to- wing the boat to the next station, breathing through his ears, which stuck out of the water about two feet six inches. I didnt see this did, but an auctioneer told ov it, and I never knew an auctioneer tu tell an ontruth unless it was absolutely convenient.

A bankrupt merchant returning home one night, said to his noble wife: "My dear, I am ruined; everything we have is in the hands of the sheriff." After a few moments of silence, the wife looked calmly into his face and said: "Will the sheriff sell you?" "Oh no!" "Will the sheriff sell me?" "Oh no!" "Will the sheriff sell the children?" "Oh no." "Then do not say we have lost everything. All that is most valuable remains to us—manhood, womanhood, childhood. We have lost but the results of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune, if our hearts and hands are left us. Can we wonder that, encouraged by such a noble wife, he is now on the road to fortune again?"

**TELLING TIME.**—Tommy had learned to tell time, and his mamma gave him a beautiful watch. "What time is it?" asked proud young mamma. "Quarter past six." "You are mistaken; it is half past six." "How glad I am!" "Why so?" "I have loved you a quarter of an hour longer."

A bachelor sea-captain was complaining that he couldn't get a satisfactory chief officer, when a young lady remarked that she should like a situation as first mate. The captain took the hint and the girl.

**AN INNOCENT MISCHIEF-MAKER.**—I heard a droll story, the other day, of a pretty little girl aged six. One of her father's friends called at the house, and, as usual, took the child in his lap. "Oh, don't, Mr. Thompson! I can't sit in your lap now." "Why, you little elf?" "Because it's Lent." "What difference does that make?" "A great deal; mamma told Mr. Dinkwell, in the Library, yesterday, that she wouldn't sit in his lap in Lent, and I won't either."

As his conversation is said to have occurred before papa, I am afraid the innocent babbler was the cause of future trouble between the wedded pair. When the heart is pure, there is hardly anything which can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate personal concernment.

A preacher in New Hampshire, discoursing on the subject of Daniel in the Lion's Den, said: "An' thar he sot all night long, lookin' at the show for nothin' and it didn't cost him a cent."

If I had to be a bird I wouldn't be a lark; they have to rise so early and go to bed at dark. I wouldn't be an eagle, the king of birds (so called); I wouldn't be his majesty, for fear I might be bald.

The mayor of Mobile recently married a colored couple. After the ceremony the husband said, "Massa Caleb, you has forgotten something." "What is it, Aaron?" asked the mayor. "Why, you ain't buss the bride."

Fifty emigrants direct from Switzerland, arrived in Goldsboro, N. C., last week.